

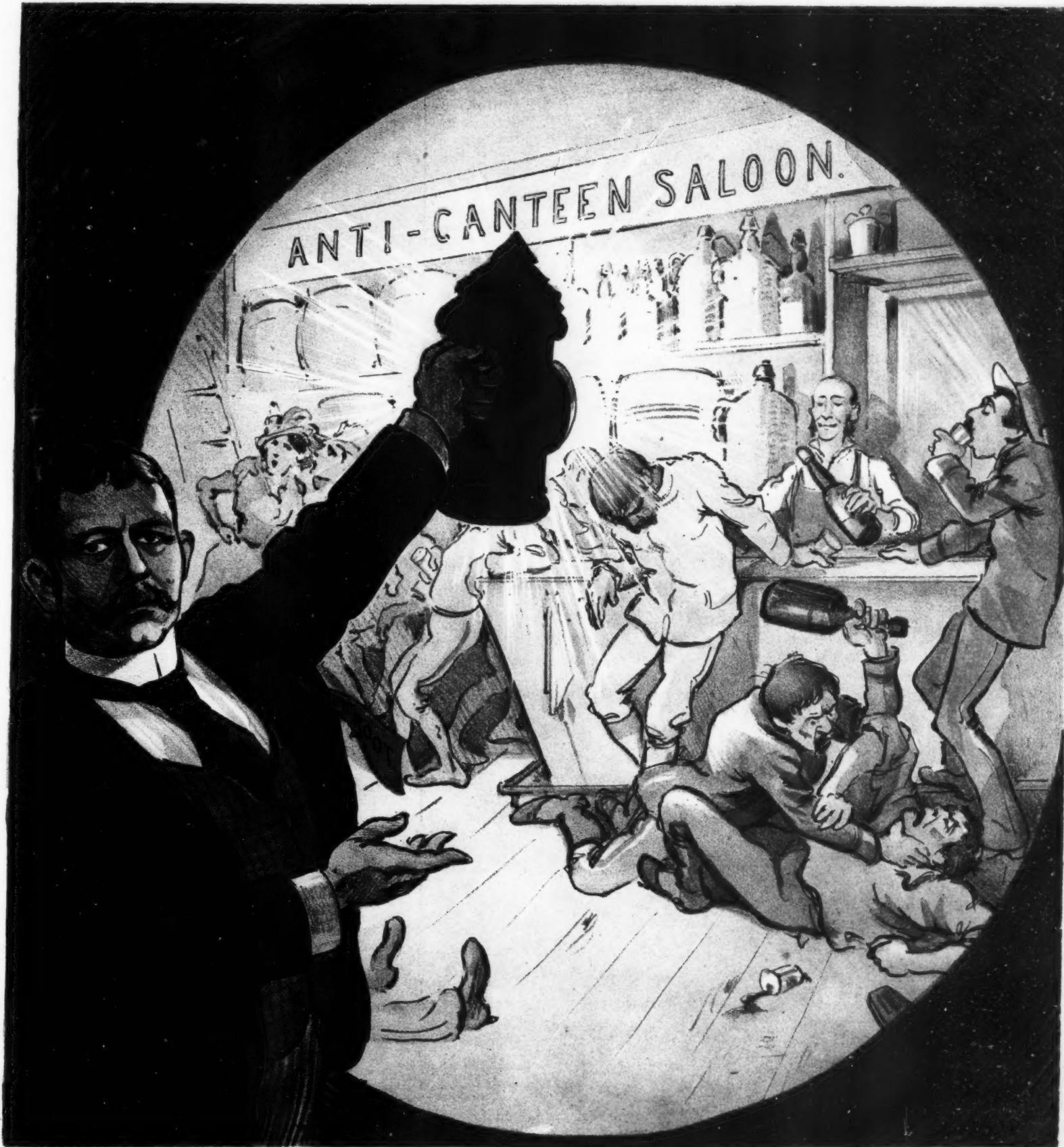
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A TIMELY EXPOSURE.
WHAT THE W. C. T. U. HAS EFFECTED BY ABOLISHING THE ARMY CANTEEN.



NOT ENGAGED.

MR. COONLEY.—What a magnificent diamon' ring, Miss Mokington! Who am de lucky man, may I ask?

MISS MOKINGTON (*smilingly*).—I guess yo' mean de unlucky man.

MR. COONLEY (*astounded*).—Why, wha-what does yo' mean?

MISS MOKINGTON.—Simply that I 'se been playin' bridge whist.



ENTIRELY UNNECESSARY.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Of course, we don't want to put a premium on political corruption—

SECOND CITIZEN.—I should say not! We can get all we want at par.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

"The old days of hand-to-hand fighting, when men had an equal chance, are over."

"Yes, indeed! War is growing less and less sportsmanlike."

A THRILLER!

BUTTSY (*in gallery at melodrama*).—Say! But ain't that great?

NIBBSY (*ecstatically*).—It's a corker! You'd t'ink de aut'or had dramatized a evenin' extra of one of de yaller journals!

IN CHICAGO.

DOCTOR.—Oh! I'll pull you through!

PATIENT.—That's right, doctor! I want to be included in the next census.

INSTRUCTIVE.

FIRST RURAL VISITOR.—A man can pick up a lot of information here.

SECOND RURAL VISITOR.—Yes, indeed! The fust thing I learned was the meanin' of Pan-American.

A FINGER IN the diplomatic pie being accounted desirable, statesmanship is that rare quality which differentiates accurately in advance between a pie and a cog-wheel.



PUCKOGRAPHS.—No. 106.
EMPEROR WILLIAM'S UNDERSTUDY IN CHINA.



A TRIUMPH OF ART.

"Say, Mister, you know your business, don't you?"

"Like the picture, do you?"

"Well, 't ain't so much that, but I admire the way you manage to keep that boy quiet."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY LITTLE CLAUDE.

"AUNT MARGARET's been to our house this week," chirped little Claude. "She's a Christian Science lady an' I've been having a bully time. Aunt Margaret ain't as young as she used to be, an' Pa he says she'll soon be in sight of the home stake boat. We ain't had a thing but Christian Science for table talk the last three nights, an' yesterday I thought I'd try the thing myself. Aunt Margaret says that if a person makes up his mind not to be sick, he won't be, no matter how sick he is. If he's got a broken leg, all he's got to do is to walk. I heard all Aunt Margaret said about imagination an' I got a pretty good idea. The next morning in school I thought to myself, 'I'm sick. The Committee man's coming an' I'm sick. I guess if a man can make himself well by thinkin', a boy can cut school same way, if he thinks hard 'nough.' So I thought myself sick enough to get out of school, and then I thought myself well. It worked great. There was a circus in town an' I saw the afternoon show. Pa, he don't like me to go to circuses alone, but after I got out I just imagined that I had n't seen a sign of a circus all day long. Time I got home I could think anything I wanted to, 'most as well as Aunt Margaret can. Some folks 'ould call it lyin', but it ain't. It's Science all right, though. I asked Aunt Margaret, day before she went home, if she thought her hair bright yellow, what used to be gray, an' Pa he laughed real hard."

Harry Hamilton.

CONSIDERATIONS of national honor may usually be relied on, if we rightly read history, to make almost any bad matter worse.



A WAY with the books and the dollars,
The greedy counting of spoils!
Off with the coats and the collars,
Out with the masks and the foils!
A song of the knightly scuffle
The beautiful blades shall sing,—
In the days of sword and ruffle,
When Louis Quatorze was king!

On guard!
Lunge and feint and parry,
Parry and feint and thrust;
The rapiers meet and marry
And quarrel, as lovers must;
The rapiers meet and marry,
The muscles grow tense and hard;
There's life in a ready parry,
And death in a broken guard.

A flash and a ring—engagement!
Look!—look at the finger-play!
Ah! Think what a duel in rage meant,
When the swords were eager to slay.
Riposte! Remise! like a zither
The blades of the fencers sing;
They sparkle and flash and slither,
And closer together they cling!

On guard!
Feint and lunge and recover,
Recover and feint and thrust.
The sword of a jealous lover
Was never a prey to rust;
The sword of a jealous lover,—
A challenge hissed in the dark,—
And the rival flies to cover,
But his steel has found a mark.

Can you guess how the rivals parried,
And the blade crashed down on the hilt,
And the weaker was pressed and harried
Till the crimson blood was spilt?
'T is sport for a man of mettle,
But never for knave or lout;
Come, then; we've a score to settle;
And now for a final bout!

On guard!
Lunge and feint and parry,
Recover and feint and thrust,
And dream that a fair du Barry
Is seeing her love discussed;
Oh! dream that a fair du Barry
Is watching the swords that sing
Of the lunge and the feint and the parry
When Louis Quatorze was king!

Frank R. Batchelder.

IN KENTUCKY.

THE JUDGE.—Now, which horn of the dilemma shall we take?
THE COLONEL.—I don't know. But, while we're considering it, let's take a horn!

SELF-PRESERVATION.

FIRST NIGHT-WATCHMAN.—That man, Nodds, is an extremely careful watchman.

SECOND NIGHT-WATCHMAN.—How's that?

FIRST NIGHT-WATCHMAN.—Why, he would n't think of going to sleep anywhere except directly underneath an automatic fire-sprinkler.

SUBURBAN.

"And your cook?"
The suburbanite looked at me, vacantly.
"Our cook," he gibbered, "is so tame she will eat out of one's hand!"

Of course the fellow was losing his mind. I pitied him and pursued the subject no further.

IN COLONIAL DAYS.

"But nobody saw the witch riding a broomstick?"
"Nay; she was convicted on circumstantial evidence. She had a broomstick and a cat."

HIS PLAN.

FRIEND.—But another man also claims to have invented the machine!

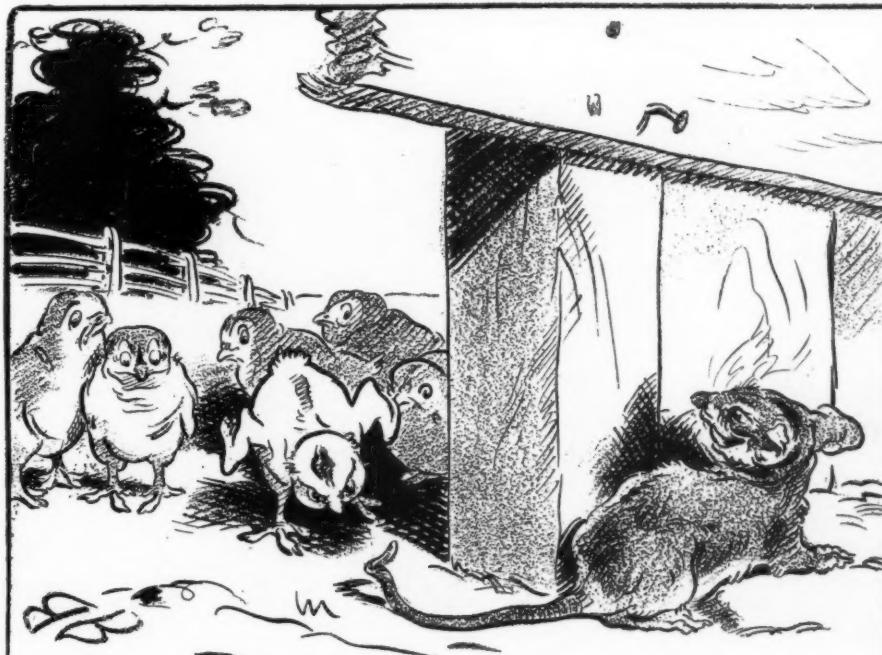
INVENTOR.—Yes; but I'm going to see him and see if we can't keep our lawyers from litigation.

REGRET.

FIRST BUNCO MAN.—What is the matter? Something on your mind?

SECOND BUNCO MAN.—I was just thinking what a pity it is that all the fools are not rich.

WE SUPPOSE if man had been built to like classical music, all the crack orchestras would be playing ragtime.



A NEW SPECIES.

THE CHICK.—Well, that's the queerest-looking worm I ever saw!

PUCK

THE REWARD OF A LITERARY GENIUS.

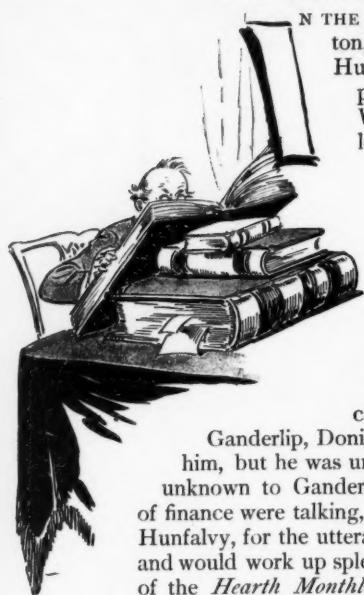
IN THE seat behind Mr. Ganderlip and Mr. Donington, the great generals of finance, sat Mr. George Hunfalvy, editor-in-chief of that well-known periodical, the *Hearth Monthly*, and Mr. William August Dobritzer, littérateur. Now, let me explain that the alumni catalogue of Dobritzer's alma mater put him down by occupation as "littérateur." Those who knew him intimately and lived on terms of amity with him, called him a free lance. He called himself a literary hack. Those who sat in the inner offices of the various periodicals in whose outer offices he so often sat awaiting judgment upon some manuscript, called him a scribbler. The faces of

Ganderlip, Donington and Hunfalvy were known to him, but he was unknown to them, and Hunfalvy was unknown to Ganderlip and Donington. The generals of finance were talking, and intently listened Dobritzer and Hunfalvy, for the utterances of such great men were salable and would work up splendidly in the editorials in the columns of the *Hearth Monthly*, giving advice to young men on the theme, "How to Succeed;" or, perchance, into business tips and tales of great deals in the Sunday papers.

"My son William," said Mr. Ganderlip, "is not going into business. He is going into literature. He has all the money that he can wish for. He believes that literature will open to him a field of personal influence which mere money never can open to him."

"Has he written any books yet?" asked Donington.

"Oh, no! Nothing but stories, and none of the stories has yet been accepted. He writes under a *nom de plume*, saying that if he used his own name it might unduly influence editors in favor of his manuscripts. He wants to stand on his own merits. I offered to found a publishing house to issue his books, or buy one already established, or buy a magazine for him, but he objected to these propositions, saying that people would see through it. It's glory, pure glory, that he wants. He is going to frame the first cheque



HE EXPLAINS.

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"Don't stay right in the neighborhood; — walk up and down for a few blocks."

"Well, you see, sir, I was afraid dis bill o' fare 'd give a man sich an appetite dat he 'd make for de fust restaurant he come to."



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SAME THING.

"An' does the docther allow yez to dhrink an' shmoke?"
"Well, he said he wanted me to be intoreily comfortable!"

he receives and hang it up — no matter how big it is, for what is money to him? He wants it as a memento, even if it is in the thousands, like Zola's cheques. I have got him to make one concession. Hereafter, he is going to drop the *nom de plume* and will let his identity be known. If he expects to win renown, he must enjoy it himself and have people know he is the one and not some fictitious fellow nobody ever heard of."

Dobritzer bent his eyes upon Hunfalvy. The editor of the most successful periodical in America was plainly excited. His mouth was open, his lips were twitching, his eyes snapped. What he was thinking about was as plain as day to Dobritzer. Not because Dobritzer was a mind-reader. Not at all! But because he was acquainted with the methods of the *Hearth Monthly*, with the methods of Hunfalvy, the genius who had made the *Hearth Monthly* the wonderful success it was. A possibility that made his head swim suddenly flashed upon Dobritzer.

It was 'way down in an obscure corner of a single morning paper, near the list of marriage licenses, that appeared brief mention of the fact that by permission of the court, William August Dobritzer had changed his name to William August



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ROOM FOR SPECULATION.

SHE.—You must have met Miss Sharp, have n't you?

HE.—Yes; I have met her.

SHE.—I thought so. She did n't mention any names and she would n't let me repeat what she said, but I thought she meant you!

Ganderlip. The same day the last but two of all the dollars in the world pertaining to him newly invested with the designation of Ganderlip, passed into the possession of a tailor, a haberdasher and a shoe-dealer; and a few hours later, habited in frock, silk hat and patent leathers, Ganderlip, *née* Dobritzer, fared gayly toward the quarter of the city where the publishers were to be found.

"He 's waitin' out in the outer office," said the page to the editor of the *Hearth Monthly*, handing him a card bearing the legend "William August Ganderlip."

"Show him in! Show him in! Why did n't you show him in?" exclaimed Hunfalvy, with some asperity.

"Show him in?" gasped the boy. "After you had told me to allers freeze the guys out, if possible! I tried to freeze this one out, but he would n't freeze."

"I 'll show him in myself," said Hunfalvy, rushing into the outer office and bringing Ganderlip, *née* Dobritzer, back with him.

"Such a pleasure, Mr. Ganderlip! I 'll give you an answer in the morning. I 'll read your manuscript at once. Call in the morning, won't you?"

"At nine, then," said Ganderlip, *née* Dobritzer.

"That will suit me, Mr. Ganderlip; that will suit me! Although unacquainted with your literary style, I am quite certain that the same extraordinary talents that have made your family so eminent in every field of endeavor which they have entered will, when devoted to literature, score a new and remarkable triumph. I—er—I have not," stammered Hunfalvy, overtaken by a sudden uncomfortable misgiving, "I have not read any of your productions, have I?"

"Oh, no!" said Ganderlip, *née* Dobritzer, with no misgivings whatsoever, though the fact stood that he had submitted thirty-one manuscripts by mail to the *Hearth Monthly*. He was a firm adherent to the popular belief that no editor ever reads a manuscript, in spite of the fact that occasionally he himself got one accepted.

"Mead," said Hunfalvy to the business manager, who was summoned as soon as Ganderlip, *née* Dobritzer, had left, "we are going to have a big ad," and he told what he had heard Ganderlip Sr. say on the train and how young Ganderlip had just appeared. "We will give him a checque for five-thousand dollars. We will have it photographed and have a picture of it in all our ads. We will announce the forthcoming appearance of a five-thousand-dollar story by William A.

Ganderlip. If the story is poor, no matter. It can't be any worse than some of those professional authors let us have on short orders. You must have some reporters here in the morning to interview Ganderlip, so that the story of the big checque will get in all the papers. Several other publications have worked the photo-of-checque racket and it is somewhat old and played out, but nobody ever gave so big a checque; and the beauty of it all is, he does n't cash the checque.

In the morning came Ganderlip, *née* Dobritzer, signed a receipt parting with all rights in the manuscript, "A Modern Titan," in consideration of a checque of five thousand dollars, and issued from the inner office to be introduced to the six representatives of the Press who, already apprised of the whole story, waited to get some personal coloring from beholding and conversing with the successful author himself.

"Not here, gentlemen; not here in the *Hearth Monthly* office or its building. I would be embarrassed if I talked here," said Ganderlip, *née* Dobritzer, affably, and the six reporters accompanied him to the street. "Are any of you gentlemen able to identify me at the Pharmacal Bank? I left home without sufficient money, and I have a checque on that bank, but I am unknown there."

One reporter said he could.

"Very well, gentlemen. I will ask Mr. Treadway to identify me. I will not be interviewed this morning. Call at the Palatine at three this afternoon and ask for me."

"This," said Treadway to the teller of the Pharmacal Bank, "is Mr. William August Ganderlip, who is in town on business with the *Hearth Monthly*." And, waiting an interval to see what Mr. Ganderlip would do, and that gentleman cordially assuring him that he could not think

of detaining him longer, the reporter departed. Whereupon Mr. Ganderlip, *née* Dobritzer, cashed the checque of the *Hearth Monthly* for five-thousand dollars. He disliked to carry

so much money. He might have deposited the checque. It was his name, his story that had been sold, but he resolved to risk no contingencies that might arise when Hunfalvy found that William August Ganderlip was not William Andrew Ganderlip. At three, when the gentlemen of the Press called at the Palatine, as Ganderlip, *née* Dobritzer, had given them permission to do, he was on his way westward to a county town of Illinois, where he meditated purchasing the county paper, by due process of law resuming his ancestral name, and eschewing the devious paths of literature, to bend his energies toward a seat in the National House of Representatives.



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GUARANTEED.

DINAH.—What did the fortune-teller say?

SAM.—She says I 'm gwine ter hab a great stroke ob luck befo' I die, an' if it doan' come true, she 's gwine ter refun' de money!

PUCK



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NATURALLY HANDY.

THE ESKIMO.—These narwhals are hard to catch, but they are mighty handy when you want to carry them home.

ANIMALS I HAVE MET.



S I WAS walking out one day
I met a Pig along the way,
And much I wondered when I saw
The wondrous pearls without a flaw
That hung about the creature's neck
And his fat figure did bedeck.
My wonder I could not conceal.
"O Pig!" I cried, "where did you steal
Or beg or borrow those fine pearls?
They must have been a king's or earl's."

"Excuse me, Sir," the Pig replied,
Strutting about with pompous pride,
"I never borrow, beg or steal;"
(He gave a most indignant squeal)
"But, as I keep a sharp look 'round,
Plenty of people I have found
Who cast their pearls before the swine:
I picked these up, and they are mine!"

Carolyn Wells.



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A STARTER.

HE (*furiously*).—You are the only girl I have ever loved.
SHE.—Ah! What lots of fun you have ahead of you!

WELL INFORMED.

MRS. ELEPHANT.—What kind of a trunk is a steamer trunk, Henry?

MR. ELEPHANT.—Why, my dear, that's the kind of a trunk a fire-engine has for sucking water from a hydrant.

PAST THAT STAGE.

WILLIAMSON.—Do you use health foods?

HENDERSON.—Not now. Why, I'm under the care of a physician!

IN CONFIDENCE.

FRIEND.—What would you recommend for rheumatism?

DOCTOR.—Patience.



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IN COLONIAL DAYS.

"Whatever happens," said the young man, dutifully, "I shall bear myself as becomes a scion of a worthy stock."

"Do so, my son," said the sturdy old settler. "Act the man always; for, mark ye, there is no telling which of us may one day figure in an historical novel."

SAW HIS FINISH.

MAMIE (*admiringly*).—Just see dat Jimmy Mulberry do de genteel song-an'-dance, will yer? His ambition is ter be an Irish song-an'-dance artist.

PETEV (*quite jealous*).—Huh! He's so darn genteel I'll bet he'll never git any furder den bein' a matinée-gurl's idil!

TIME: MORNING.

"Let us then be up and doing,"—
If there's anything to do;
But if there is nothing doing,
Let us lie a-bed, perdue!

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

MRS. NEWROCKS.—And I'm so subject to sea-sickness! Still, we must have a yacht.

MR. NEWROCKS.—Well, why must we?

MRS. NEWROCKS.—Because we have the money.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

"Sir Ralph de Bighedde would fain be counselor to the king, but I ween he doth not wot enough for that."

"I wot thou dost ween aright. He doth not wot enough to last him over night!"

PUCK



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE POLE HUNTERS.

THE SEASON for dashing nearly to the Pole has opened auspiciously. By next Fall—before cold weather sets in—we may expect several of those fascinating lectures which seem to be the aim and end of looking for the Pole. Mr. Peary has been in the North for two years recuperating from his arduous labors on the one-night lecture circuit, with its enervating hotels and wearing vicissitudes of travel; and he will doubtless be with us promptly this Fall, fully restored to health and with a fresh lecture on several new methods of not reaching the Pole. And then there is Mr. Baldwin, who has thought up a new way himself and induced a Brooklyn millionaire to finance it. So confident is Mr. Baldwin of succeeding that he has declined to reveal his method to the Press, for fear that other explorers would adopt it and reach the Pole ahead of him. As this is the first recorded instance in which an Arctic explorer has evinced any coyness in the presence of reporters, it is possible that Mr. Baldwin really believes he is about to do something. A few trips to the North, however, and he will become more conversational. PUCK wishes a cool Summer to these hardy adventurers, and a profitable contract with Major Pond when they return to the really difficult work of their profession.

MURDEROUS LABOR.

MORE of the old, old foolishness up-State. At Albany a handful of strikers attempted to substitute their own notions of right and wrong for laws which are the foundations of the social structure, which could not be torn out except by shattering that structure, and which would, therefore, be maintained with every resource of the Government.



VANITY, ALL IS VANITY.

MRS. HOWLER.—Asbury, that was a most excellent sermon you preached on "vanity" this morning.

REV. HOWLER.—Well, I think, my dear, that I can flatter myself that there are very few men in this universe who could have done better.

Perhaps we should n't expect a striking motor-man to comprehend that, in stoning a car, or assaulting the man who has replaced him, he is really attacking the mass of all the forces of civilization, civic and military. But his leaders are usually intelligent enough to know this, and fail in their duty when they do not warn him. The argument need be made on no moral ground, but on simple expediency. The silent force of a legitimate strike, a peaceful boycott, may be irresistible. Capital fears it. It is the only thing Capital does fear or has any reason to fear. But the moment violence is resorted to the strikers have allied with their enemy all the world-forces of law and order, and the struggle becomes too unequal to make even the sport of war. It must be confessed, however, that the authorities usually encourage the striker to violence. They could more quickly convince him of its folly by less tolerant methods at its first demonstration. The violence in a labor strike to-day is the exact measure of the foolish tolerance of the authorities yesterday. The lawless striker has not quickly enough been treated like the intending murderer he is.

W. C. T. U. **JUST WHAT** the members of the W. C. T. U. **VANITY.**

expected to follow the abolition of the army canteen no one can say. Not less drinking of liquor by the soldier, surely; for his opportunities and temptations were multiplied and aggravated rather than lessened. It is probable that these women did not expect to do any real good to the soldier, but merely aimed to demonstrate their influence over a majority of Congress just before an election. As for the soldier, they may honestly have believed that he would at least be no worse off for this little indulgence to their own vanity. What the defenders of the canteen expected, however, including the army officers who had observed its working for many years, was not so much of a secret. It was that drunkenness and the disorders of drunkenness would greatly increase. How abundantly this latter expectation has been fulfilled may be discovered by reading accounts of the pay-day disorders in the neighborhoods of the various military posts. Where once he had his club in which to spend his leisure, the soldier must now go outside the post for the kind of refreshment and recreation the canteen provided. Here, instead of drinking the beer and light wines of the canteen, under the eyes of his officers and in an atmosphere that conduced to his sobriety, he finds the regulation "dive" where bad whiskey is sold to him, where intemperance is deliberately encouraged and where the other vices are skillfully purveyed. It would, of course, be difficult to reckon the exact number of desertions, courts-martial, confirmed drunkards and crimes of violence that have thus been demanded as a sacrifice by the feminine vanity of this exceedingly intemperate organization; but an approximation could readily be had, as the figures coming in are distressingly definite and profuse.

WORTH THE MONEY.

CASEY.—An' phwy shud Oireland be taxed to pay for the Boer war?

BRADY.—Oh! That's fair enough. 'T is a shmall price to pay for the inj'yment she's had out av the disasters!

RATHER FANCY.

FRIEND (referring to *flashily-dressed person*).—Who's that?

REPORTER.—A headquarter's detective.

FRIEND.—I wonder what he's in disguise for?

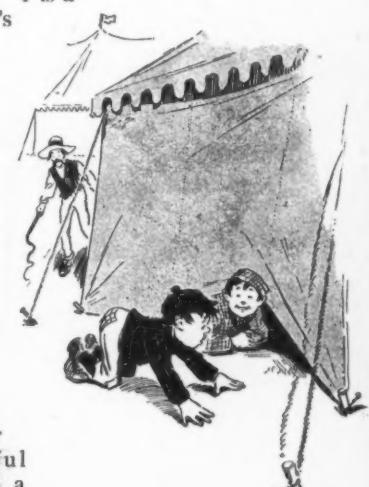
REPORTER (in surprise).—What makes you think he's disguised?

FRIEND.—I thought detectives usually dressed in plain clothes.

THOUGHT IT RETRIBUTION.

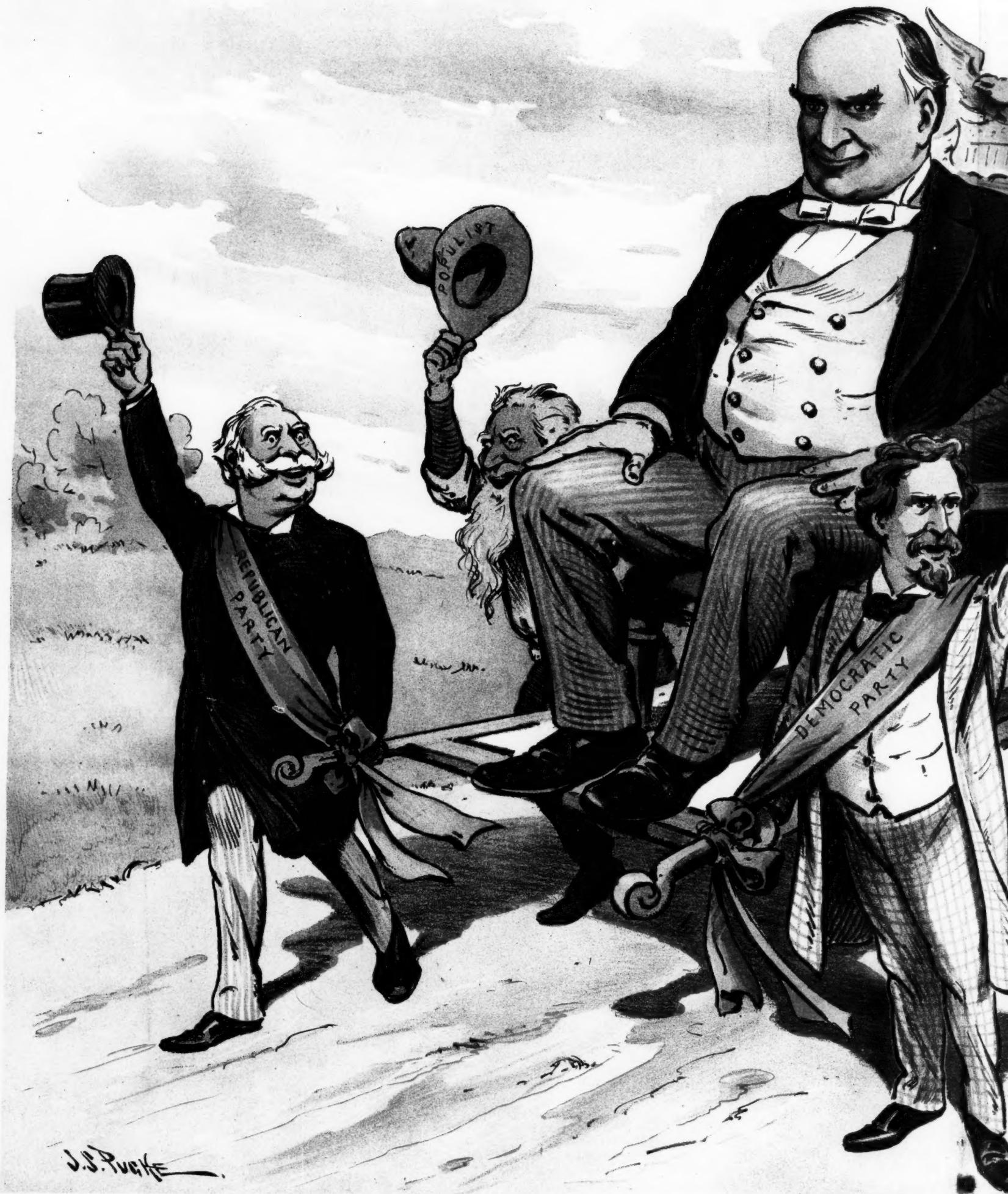
THE FOX (who is being chased by the hounds for the first time).—Merciful Heavens! If I come out of this with a whole skin, I'll never steal another chicken as long as I live.

AFTER THE Dove of Peace has hovered a good while it generally finds no place to settle except on an indemnity.



NO DANGER.

"Gee! I hope we won't miss de next t'ing on de programme."



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE LESSON OF THE PRI
ALL PARTIES SUPPORT HIM NOW, — EXCEPT TH



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THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY.
Now, — EXCEPT THE UNRECONSTRUCTED FILIPINOS.



MONKEY.— Say, Mr. Umpire, we want the kangaroo put out of the game; he's not satisfied stealing a base by one bound, but hides the ball in his pouch at every opportunity

MAYING IN HARLEM.



PHYLIS and I went Maying—
Did n't like the flat—
Stiff rent we are paying!—
Janitor — and all that.

When the birds were singing—
Spring of ninety-three—
Marriage bells were ringing
For Phyllis and for me.

Took a flat that charmed us—
Found we could n't stay;
Since then we've gone Maying
Every first of May.

Landlords glad to get us
Formerly;—but, say!
Four kids don't help Maying
On the first of May!

Four bright, rosy children,
Full of life and joy,
Heaven sent to bless us—
Three girls and a boy!

But those cherubs make it
Hard to get a flat!
So we 'll stay, I take it,
Just where we are at!

Wm. E. McKenna.

A DEFINITION.

LITTLE ELMER.— Papa, what is Spring fever?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.— Spring fever, my son, is an all-absorbing desire to sit back and see other people work.

AFTER HER SHARE.

MRS. GALEY.— Percy Gadsby has had dreadful luck at bridge, lately.

MRS. INSWYMM (*eagerly*).— You don't say? Dear me! I must invite him up before it changes.



IN THE PHILIPPINES.

"Well; the prisoners seem to enjoy their rations."

"Yes, indeed. There is n't much left of the insurgent army now except its appetite."

AS TO ART.

"Thet air 's puttin' art!" declared old Ezra Potter, positively, as he contemplated the package of soap upon the wrapper of which was printed the picture of a gold medal awarded at the Paris Exposition. "What all-fired ingenious cusses them Frenchmen is! It took brains an' artistic feelin', an' the Lord only knows what else, to think up thet idee of havin' a tree grow right outen the back of a young woman's neck, so 's she kin hev a fresh wreath round her head all the time! I d'clare, 'f it don't beat all!"

AN INQUIRY.

THE MILKMAN.— Oh, yes; cocoanuts have milk in them.

HIS LITTLE SON.— And how do they water it?

BRIGGS AND HIS TROUBLES.

I COULD see the moment I entered his office that Carking Care had laid a heavy hand upon Briggs. He was distraught, worried; yet he tried to pass it off lightly.

"It is nothing," he said. "Every man has his trials and I have mine, but it will all come out right in the end."

"Possibly," I replied; "but, if I am any judge, yours is no ordinary trifling annoyance, but a great woe."

"It is nothing," he repeated, nervously trying to head off my friendly offer of assistance, for Briggs is an extremely proud fellow. But I was an old friend, and I persisted.

"Be frank," I said. "If I can help you, I will. Is it money?"

"Oh, no, no," he answered hastily. "True, since I set up in business for myself I have experienced some difficulty in making a living, but my financial embarrassment is the least of my troubles."

"Love?" I inquired.

"Certainly not," he replied, rather warmly. "I will admit that I am engaged to be married and that there is an indefiniteness that is somewhat annoying, as to the time when I will be able to support a wife, but the girl is as true as steel and will wait."

"Yet you most certainly have a great load on your mind," I insisted.

"It is nothing," he said for a third time; but he said it with a sigh that belied his words. However, there are recesses of the soul that one may not reach; that it is nothing short of cruelty to even attempt to reach; and I felt that this was a case where the truest friendship can be shown by gentle forbearance rather than by more aggressive methods. There are occasions when even sympathy should be left unexpressed. So we talked about other things, and finally I rose to go. Briggs followed me to the door, nervously. In spite of his protestations, it was evident that there was something that he wished to say, and yet for some reason he hesitated.

"Don't—don't you want to wash your hands—or your face?" he asked anxiously just as I reached the door.

I turned on him rather sharply.

"Look here, Briggs!" I exclaimed, "you're not yourself today, and I'm ready to overlook a good deal on that account, but I see no reason for any insinuations relative to my personal appearance. I'm of age and I'm supposed to know when ablutions of any sort are necessary. I'm not accustomed to having my friends tell me when to wash my face and hands, and I don't like it."

At this merited rebuke he became so apologetic that it was almost pitiful.

"Oh! Please don't take it like that!" he pleaded. "I did n't mean it that way; really, I did n't. You never had an office all by yourself, so you don't understand; but there's the towel supply man—"

"What about him?" I asked, as he paused.

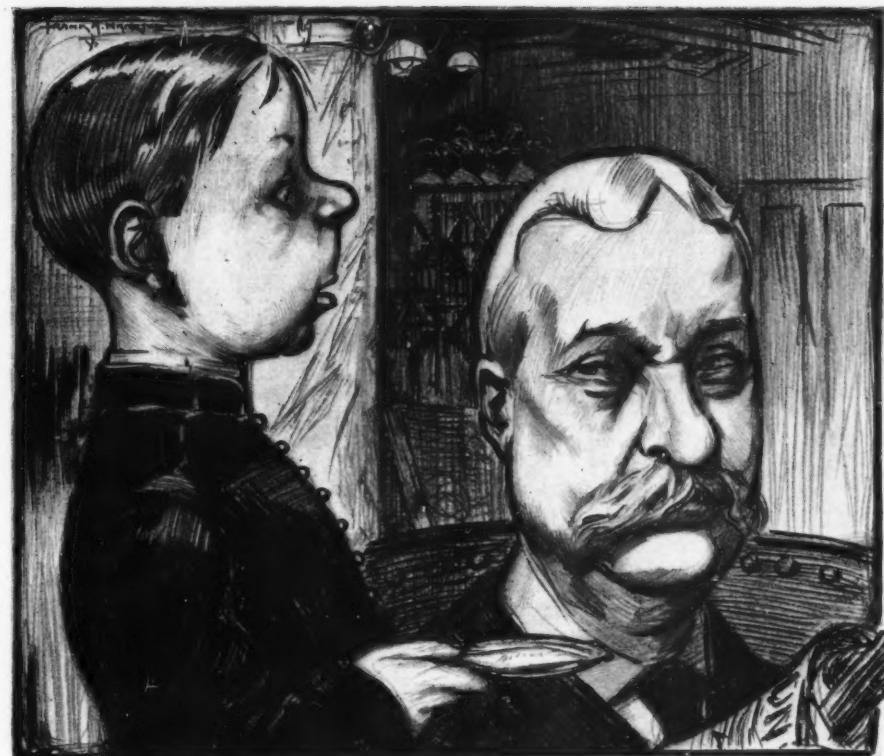
He gave a long sigh and finally decided to tell me the whole story, although I could see that it pained him deeply to do so. Truly, it was a sad tale.

"I contracted for a certain number of towels each week," he said, speaking rapidly but with great feeling. "Had to do it, you know, but I can't use them up. Being the only one in the office and ordinarily cleanly, I just can't do it. Had three towels left over the first week. Just think of it! Put yourself in my place! Suppose you had a towel supply company getting the best of you every week in the year! Oh! It's terrible! I dust the chairs with



A HINT.

HER ADMIRER.—Love lives on hope, you know.
SHE.—Yes; and one wonders, sometimes, how it finds any!



THE REPORT.

CLUB MEMBER.—What sort of a looking man is he?
THE NEW BOY.—He did n't say, sir.

them; I rub the pictures with them; I get my hands dirty on purpose; but it's no use. For two weeks I did pretty well, but the strain was terrific and I had to give up. My friends come and go, but never a one of them thinks of helping me out by washing his hands, and the towel man comes in and chuckles and leaves the regular allowance my contract calls for. I've come to hate both him and his company. The towels are accumulating, but I know pretty soon he'll come down on me and take away all those that are unused and thus save the washing bills for which I have paid. I tell you, I can't stand it. It seems so foolish, so unbusinesslike, not to be able to use up the towels for which one has paid. It makes it look as if I had only a one-horse office, anyway; as if I were a cheap sort of a man. Why, I can just feel that towel man looking down on me whenever he comes here. So won't you please wash your hands, just as a favor to me?"

Of course, if I can oblige a friend by washing my hands, I am quite ready to do so. In this case I went so far as to rub my hands in a bit of dust, that had accumulated on top of his desk, in order that the towel might give ample evidence of use, and I was fully repaid by the smile of gratitude that illumined his face.

"As a matter of friendship," I said, "I shall take pleasure in coming in here and washing my hands whenever I am in the neighborhood."

"Oh! Thank you!" he cried. "You are indeed a friend!"

Fortunately, however, this sacrifice of time on my part was not necessary. The very next day I received a jubilant letter from him.

"Eureka! I've solved the problem!" it said. "It has just occurred to me that I can take half of my weekly towel supply home, use them there and bring them back the day the towel man calls. I wonder I never thought of it before."

That night I met him trudging home with a bundle under his arm and apparently supremely happy. Carking Care had been outwitted.

Elliott Flower.



THE SPECTATOR'S COMMENT.

"My! What obstinate cusses those worms are! Nature evidently intends them for food, but they will struggle against the inevitable!"

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

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Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom in Greater New York.
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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

THE VERNAL GALA DAY.

The crocus and the robin are Spring's harbingers, 't is said;
But, for a fact, both chickweed and the frog come out ahead.

—Detroit Free Press.

FLATTERY.

"I don't see why you should persist in asking me to lend you money," said the man whose patience had sustained much. "I don't know you very well, at best."

"My dear sir," replied the person with shabby-genteel manners, "you compel me to be blunt where I would fain have been delicate. I was merely desirous of further and more favorable acquaintance. Ben Franklin says that to win a man's friendship is not to do him a favor, but let him do you one." — *Wash. Star.*



HOW IT WILL SOON BE.

MR. SUBBUBS (*pleadingly*)—Can't you help me out for a few days until I make other arrangements?

MISS O'ROURKE (*the Cook*).—Not on yer loife! Me toime is booked solid fer eighteen months ahead, all one-wake shtands.

You look better, feel better, *are* better when your run down system is invigorated with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is splendid to entertain your friends with. Its bouquet and delicious taste is unrivaled.

AN INNOVATION.

"I notice," said Bronco Bob, "that you make it a rule at a political gatherin' to have all the speakers' close friends an' partners lined up on the platform with him."

"Yes; he is usually accompanied by some distinguished men of his own party."

"Well, it's a mighty good idea! In Crimson Gulch, when a man has anything to say, he jes' gets up on a keg an' takes his chances. But I'll have the boys adopt your way. It keeps the opposition from makin' a man redickeleous by comin' up behind an' gittin' the drop on him while he is bowin' an' scrapin' to the folks in front." — *Washington Star.*

HALF the comfort we get out of the idea of a heaven is the belief that some one we dislike will never get there. — *Atchison Globe.*

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Made 10 Years ago
and sold to-day.



Is 10 Years Old,
That's enough.

It is the charm of
hospitality and the
tonic of health.

It is the oldest and
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America.

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Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers' Liability Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President

PAID-UP CAPITAL \$1,000,000.00

JANUARY 1, 1901.

Total Assets, (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	\$30,861,030.06
TOTAL LIABILITIES (Including Reserves)	26,817,008.25
EXCESS SECURITY to Policy-holders.	84,548,126.81
SURPLUS.	8,548,126.81
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864.	\$42,643,384.92
Paid to Policy-holders in 1900.	2,484,809.59
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life).	1,586,653.20
LIFE INSURANCE in Force.	160,019,851.00

GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:

IN ASSETS.	\$2,167,819.96
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department only).	2,645,297.06
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Dept.), (8 1/2% basis)	2,484,809.59
PREMIUMS COLLECTED	6,890,588.55

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
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MRS. JONES.—They say bachelors should be taxed; but I don't think they are always to blame.

MR. JONES.—Certainly not! No man is always to blame until he gets married!

Clear the cobwebs from your brain by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get the genuine at grocers or druggists.

A MAN never knows until about six months after the wedding just how many of his wife's relatives he did marry.—*Atchison Globe*.

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YEAST.—What is a poetical genius?
CRIMSONBEAK.—Why, he's a fellow
who gets thirty dollars for what he
ought to get thirty days.—*Yonkers
Statesman*.

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"Why, yes. It affords an excellent excuse for not playing golf."

As an appetizer and general tonic, mix quarter wine-glass Dr. Sieger's Angostura Bitters, fill with iced-water, add teaspoonful sugar.

"Do you know how far it is to Bloomington?" asked the Low Comedian of the First Walking Gent.

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And CARRIAGES
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MAMA.—Tommy! Tommy! you're doing the very thing I told you not to. Now, don't you let me speak to you again.

TOMMY.—Gee-whizz, Ma, if Pa can't keep you from talkin' when you once get started, how d' you expect me to?—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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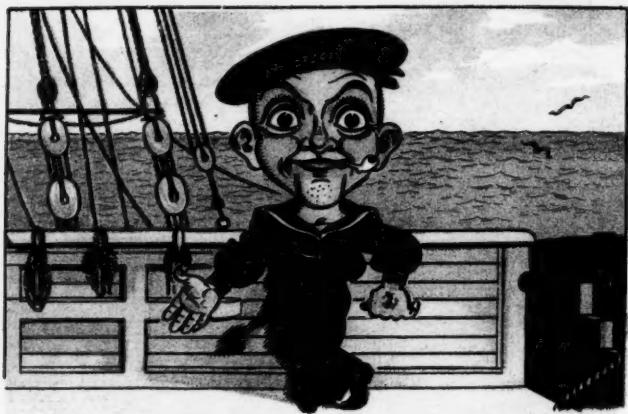
The world more jovial looks!
We'll all quit making trouble soon
And go to making books.

—*Washington Star*.

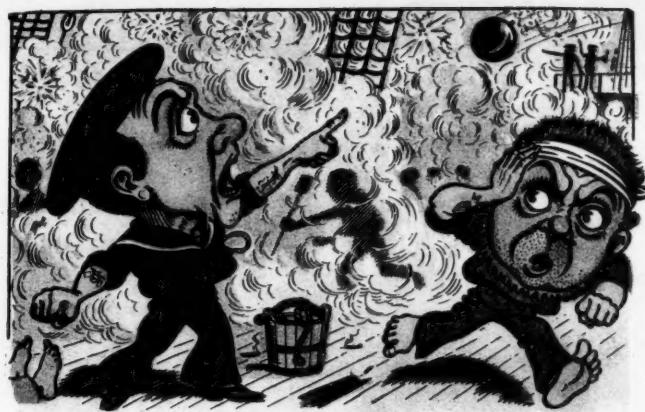
If you are a lover of children, as you claim, you can get your clothes daubed with candy any day.—*Atchison Globe*.

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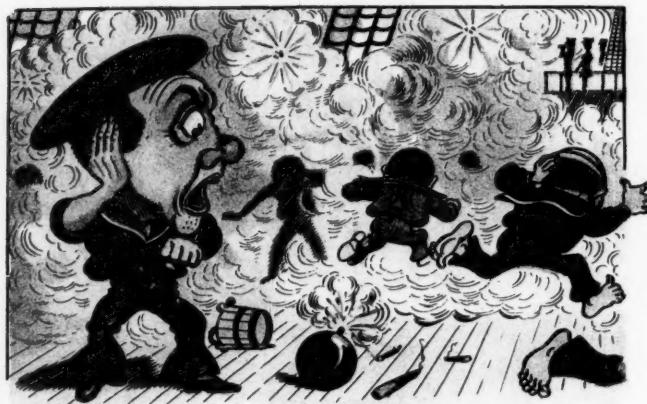
No ONE is better entertained than the devil at many church socials.—*Ram's Horn*.



"Talk about strong men! The strongest I ever met was an old messmate of mine on board the 'Hartford' with Farragut. Hans Oleson was his name. I'll tell you 'bout him, jest to show. He had th' biggest hands I ever saw."



"It was at Mobile Bay. We was havin' th' stiffest kind of fight with th' 'Selma.' Suddenly we see comin' through the air a shell with its fuse sputterin' nasty. Hans was th' fust t' spy it.



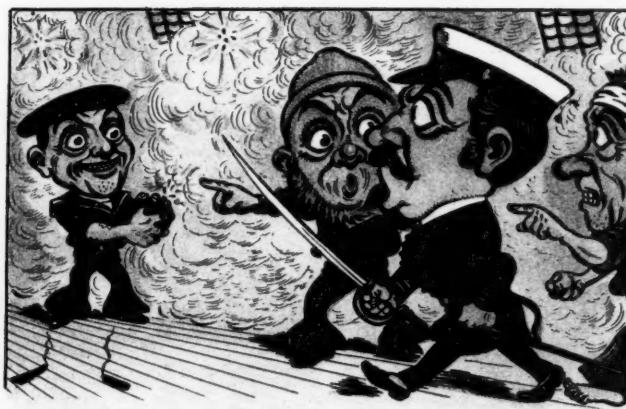
"Well, you can jest bet we give that hissin' devil room! Still sputterin', it landed on deck, and we all thought that settled the ship."



"But what ye think that Hans Oleson does? Why, jest rushes and picks up that hissin' bomb in his two hands; the fuse gettin' shorter and shorter every minute."



"We all expected to see Hans blown to bits; but he stood there holdin' that bomb in his two big hands, grinnin' like a idiot."



"When yer fightin' for yer country ye can't expect to live forever, but Hans's fool-actions looked like murder; so we went and told the Captain."



"'You blankety-blankety-blank fool, throw that thing overboard! Are you waitin' ter have it explode and blow us all to perdition?' That's what the Captain said to Hans."



"'Aye, aye, sir!' said Hans. 'It's all right, sir! It has 'sploded already.' And with that he let go the bomb, which was all in pieces. That bomb had actually exploded, but Hans was that strong he had overcome the force of the explosion and kept the pieces from flyin'. Congress voted him a medal."